Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my ſpeede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.
Frier. Who is it?
Man. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt

Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth b
Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Church
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churc
Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come h

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weep